

VISIT...

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The Sound Of Silence

Words & Music by Paul Simon

♩ = 84

F#madd9



Hel-lo dark-ness my old.

Con pedale

Eadd9



F#madd9



— friend, — I've come to talk with you — a-gain, be-cause a vi-sion soft-ly —



— creep - ing, — left its seeds while I was — sleep - ing, — and the





vi - sion ——— that was plant - ed in my brain ——— still ——— re - mains





with - in the sound ——— of si - lence. ——— In rest - less dreams I walked — a -




- lone, ——— nar - row streets of cob - ble - stone, ——— 'neath the ha - lo of a —






— street - lamp, — I turned my col - lar to the cold — and damp, — when my







eyes were stabbed by the flash of a ne-on light, that split the night,








and touched the sound of si-lence. And in the nak-ed light I




saw ten thou-sand peo-ple may-be more, peo-ple talk-ing with-out






speak-ing, peo-ple hear-ing with-out listen-ing, peo-ple wri-ting






songs that voi-ces nev-er share, and no-one dare






dis-turb the sound of si-lence. "Fools" said I, "you do not




— know — si-lence like a can-cer grows, hear my words that I might






— teach you, — take my arms that I might reach you."




But my _____ words _____ like si - lent rain-drops fell, _____






and ech - oed in the wells _____ of si - lence. _____







And the peo - ple bowed and _____ prayed, _____ to the ne - on God _____





_____ they made, _____ and the sign flashed out it's _____ warn - ing, _____

and the words that it was _____ form - ing, _____ and the sign said, "The

words of the proph-ets are writ-ten on the sub - way _____ walls _____ and te - ne - ment _____

_____ halls." and whis - pered _____ in the sound of si - lence. _____

a tempo
F#madd9

rit.

poco rit.

N.C.

E F#m